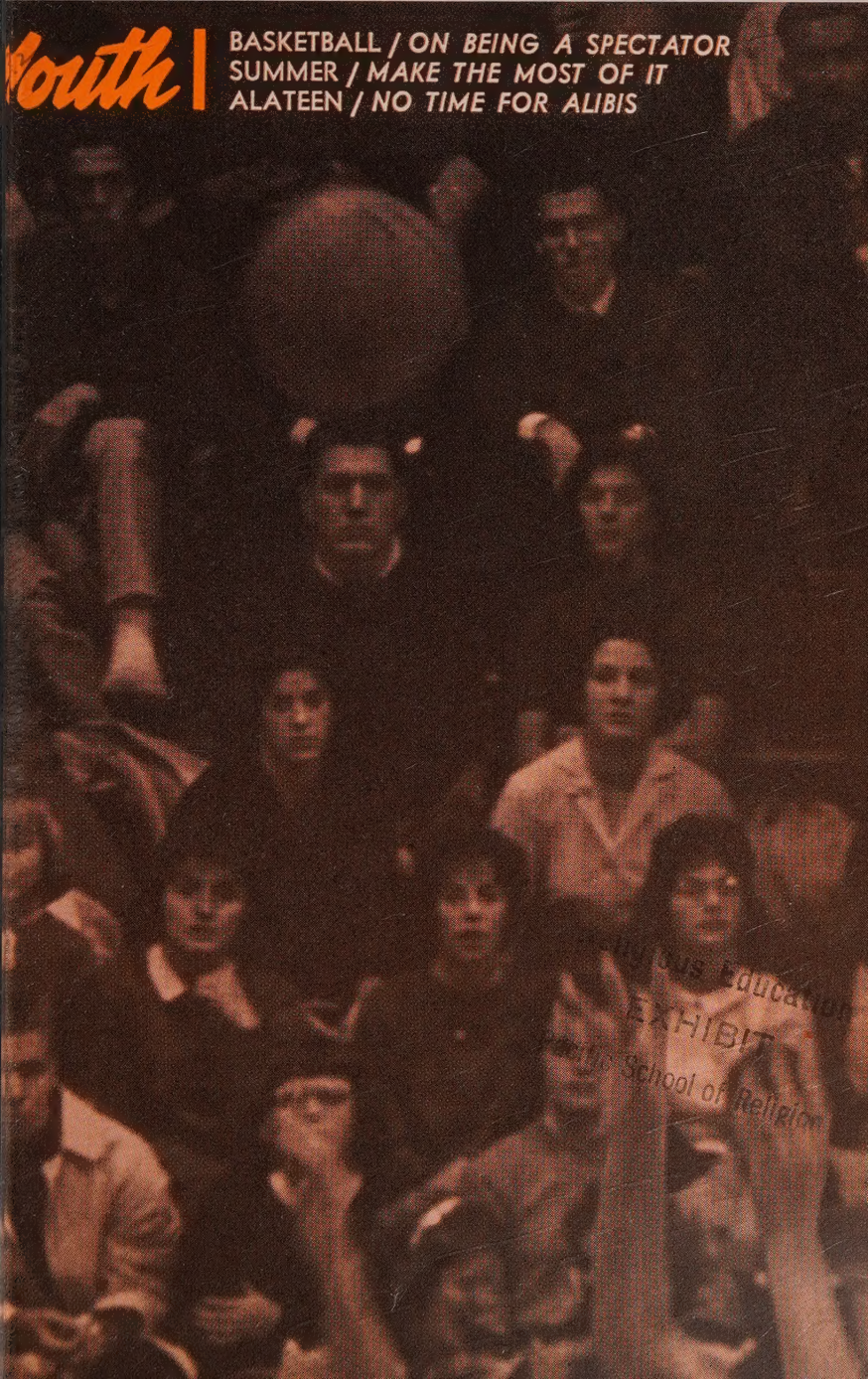


Youth

BASKETBALL / ON BEING A SPECTATOR
SUMMER / MAKE THE MOST OF IT
ALATEEN / NO TIME FOR ALIBIS





. what's really going on?

On the face of things, basketball is an uncomplicated game. There is a story of a high school chemistry teacher who was appointed by the principal to coach the basketball team. Knowing nothing about the technique of the sport, he faced up the problem in his first meeting with the squad.

"Boys," he said, pointing to the baskets, "the object of this game is to get the ball into the basket."

That was a statement of simple truth. There are many different ways to play basketball, any of which is successful as long as the ball winds up in the basket at the end of a maneuver. But this very simplicity is a source of complexity. The average spectator—whether watching high school, collegiate, or professional basketball—sees little more than the ball going through the hoop. The manner in which the ball was worked into position for a player to make a shot, or the way the defensive team maneuvered in its efforts to short-circuit the attempt, is only incidental. Too many people at basketball games seem only to watch the shooting.

This is because they simply don't realize how much else is going on. During every moment of a game there are five individual contests going on between each man and his opponent. These individual duels add up to a team contest.

Each man has to relate his personal contest to the collective contest. A man with the ball is trying to outmaneuver his opponent. His teammates are trying to outmaneuver their opponents, too. The man with the ball has to keep tabs on these other duels, so that if he can trick his own opponent into making a defensive mistake, he can pass the ball to a teammate who is in the best position to start a breakthrough.

All this goes on without a letup. Every time the ball changes hands and it may change hands every few seconds—a whole new set of conditions is created. And if a single member of the offensive team

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Controlling" the ball makes winners

Even the slightest blunder, the pattern of attack can be ruined. Similarly, if someone on the defensive team indulges in woolgathering for a moment, the lapse can cost his team two points.

Jack Ramsay, the highly successful basketball coach at St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia, tells of such a lapse that occurred some ten years ago when he was coaching a high school team in Wilmington, Del. At a critical juncture in a game, one of Ramsay's players seemed to go into a momentary trance. It broke down the team's defensive mechanism, and Ramsay hurriedly sent in a substitute. When the player in question came to the bench, Jack asked him what had been his trouble on the floor.

"Coach," the boy replied earnestly, "all of a sudden I found myself wondering whether I should drop bookkeeping and take typing next semester, or keep on with the bookkeeping."

How should you watch a basketball game to derive maximum appreciation from it? Let's start at the beginning, meaning the moment the players come onto the floor for their warm-ups. Also, let's assume that the teams, on the basis of past performances, are fairly evenly matched. Nobody, not even the adherents of the superior team, can really appreciate a basketball game which winds up with a score of, say, 96 to 37. It isn't basketball; it's a track meet on a hardwood floor.

As the teams warm up, you appraise the physical characteristics of the players, particularly as to height. One team may have an obvious advantage on the other in the matter of altitude. This doesn't mean, however, that the taller team is a cinch to win.

It is undeniable that height is an advantage in basketball. The only thing you could change that would be to take away the baskets and put a hoop at each end of the floor, into which the players would stuff the ball to register points. But height doesn't necessarily insure victory, particularly in high school games. Many a high school team with just one tall player who is quick and agile has hammered the backbone out of an opponent with three or four towering guys who are unable to move with alacrity.

If one team has a distinct height advantage over the other, you can pretty well predict what sort of game you're going to see. Chances are the taller team will employ a "deliberate" offense. It may use set plays, as a football team employs much-practiced maneuvers, with every player assigned a definite task. Or it may use the "weave," in which the



being booed won't bother a good officer

players keep the ball circling back and forth, sparring for openings. The idea, of course, is to make the best possible use of height—first, to get the “good shot,” and, second, if the shot is missed, to get the rebound off the backboard for a follow-up shot.

The smaller team, on the other hand, probably will play a running game, using the “fast break” offense, which means moving the ball downcourt as quickly as possible by means of long passes or fast dribbling. The object is to get the ball downcourt before the opposition can get there to set up its defense.

When game begins you can check on whether you figured the type of offense correctly. Then notice the types of defenses. It would take from now until next Arbor Day to describe in detail the various defenses and variations thereof, employed in modern basketball. However, there are three basic systems of defense, all recognizable: the man-to-man or “tag”; the zone, and the press.

In the early days of basketball, each man was responsible solely for his own opponent. He tagged him all over the court and in turn was tagged by his opponent. Then, as offensive systems became complex, the defensive man found himself frequently bumping into his own teammates in his efforts to tag his man. So he began to relate his defensive movements to the rest of the team. Now the man-to-man defense often requires a “switch”—if Jones is guarding Smith and is suddenly screened off from Smith by another member of Smith’s team, Jones hollers “Switch.” Jones’s nearest teammate moves in to guard Smith.

The zone defense, which has many forms, is exactly what the name implies. Each defensive player is responsible for a certain area of the floor and guards any opposing player entering that area. A well-executed zone takes some of the speed out of the game, being difficult to penetrate.

The press—and again there are many forms of this type of defense



It might throw your team off stride

essentially is a means of putting pressure on the attacking team at all times. Instead of dropping back to mid-court to establish its alignment, the defensive team begins harrying the attacking team as soon as it begins passing the ball downcourt. Here, the aim is to prevent the offensive team from setting up a pattern, and to shake its poise by forcing it into making mistakes.

As the game progresses, take note of which team "controls" the backboard (grabs the greater number of rebounds); for it is almost axiomatic that the team which controls the boards will be the eventual winner. It may be that this won't be the taller team; it sometimes happens that shorter players, with considerable spring in their legs, are able to outleap the big guys. Moreover, height is an advantage only when used properly; a tall player who doesn't position himself well to pick off rebounds (he may be either too close to the backboard or too far from it) isn't going to fare as well as a smaller fellow.

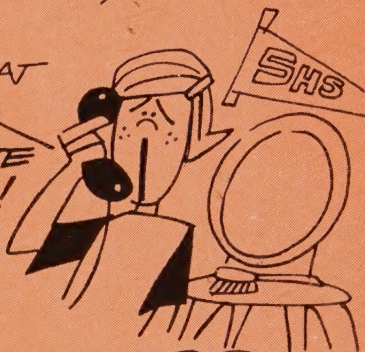
While you're checking on the action, check on yourself now and then. Basketball is an exciting game, and because the spectators are so close to the action it arouses the old rah-rah spirit. That's fine. But remember that the rah-rah spirit should be positive, never negative. Cheer like crazy, for your own team. But when, say, one of the opponents steps to the foul line for a free throw, clam up. The rah-rah spirit is meant to be a means of distracting an opponent.

Remember, too, that the men who officiate basketball games have what probably is the most difficult job in sports. They make mistakes occasionally—even as you and I—but they are generally competent and of high integrity. When spectators boo officials, they aren't helping their team. Often such uproars upset a team, throw it off stride. Besides, being booed doesn't bother a good official. Basketball referees have thick ears.

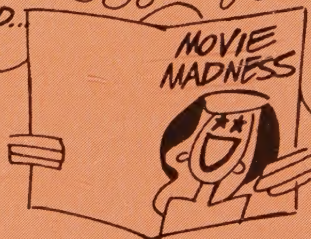
—EDGAR WILLIAMS

000 THE EARLY DATE

...BUT I'M ONLY 14... BESIDES,
YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO
GET ME A DATE,
ESPECIALLY WITH THAT
GULP... **NEW BOY**
IN CLASS,... I'VE
NEVER BEEN ON A DATE
BEFORE IN MY LIFE!



WHAT'LL I DO?...
I NEED A NEW
DRESS... LET'S
SEE WHAT THEY'RE
WEARING IN
HOLLYWOOD...



A SILK
SHEATH
TRIMMED IN
MINK!!!
OH DEAR.



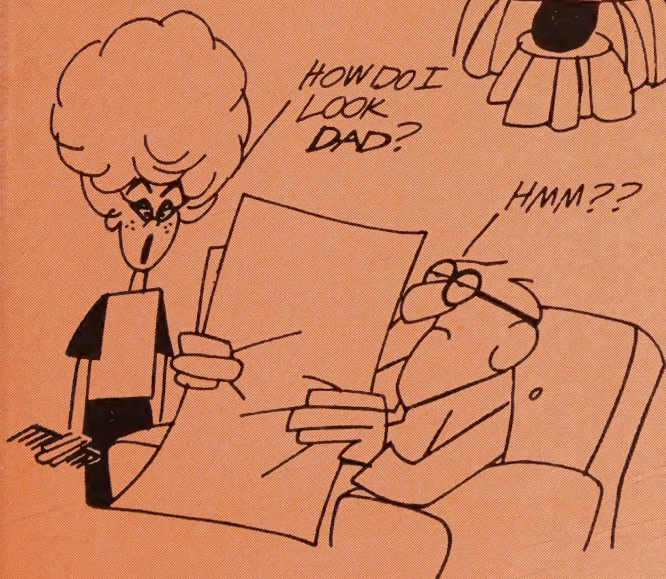
...WHAT IF HE PICKS ME UP IN A
CONVERTIBLE?... I'LL NEED A
SCARF AND HAIR SPRAY...

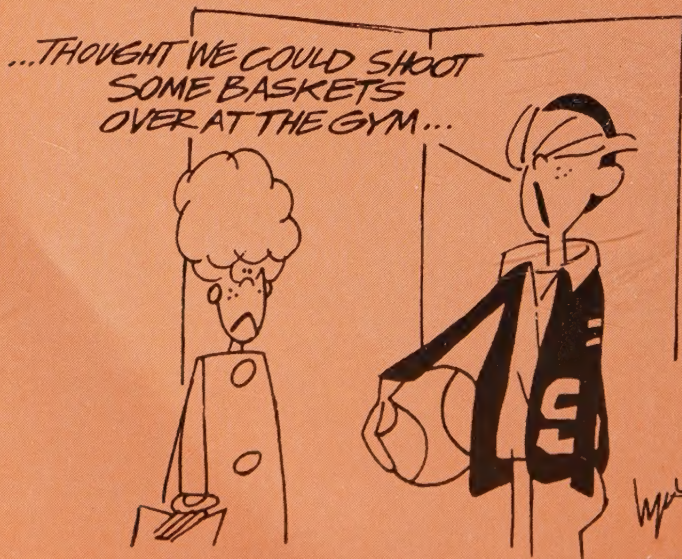
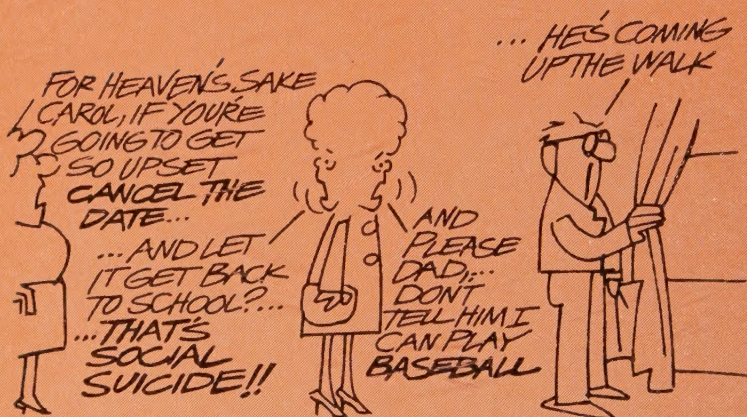
...AND I'LL
CERTAINLY NEED
A NEW HAIRDO,...
ONE OF THOSE
BOUFFANT OR **FLIP**
THINGS,... HOW DO
THEY DO IT NOW...





... PLENTY OF EYEBROW
PENCIL, BLUE EYE
SHADOW, ... HEAVY ON
THE MASCARA, ... CURL
THE LASHES...





Wally Swartz



ALCOHOL LIBIS ND LATEEN

There were eight in one Flat, and if you counted the guy hanging out the back window, there were nine. They were lucky. The other car had eleven. Twenty teens—short, tall, Protestant, Catholic, most of them good-looking, as most teenagers are—with one big thing in common: an alcoholic parent. ►

Every Wednesday evening, two abused automobiles carry this group to a church in suburban Washington, D. C., for a meeting of Alateen, a nationwide organization for teen-age children of alcoholics. And every Wednesday the door is closed to adults as these young people work through their mutual problems themselves. "Reverend Phil," as they call Pastor Philip Norris, is available for individual counseling if they need him. So is big Ed, their sponsor, and a man who conquered a drinking problem of his own. He has a big heart, big shoulders to cry on, when necessary, and the group finds him waiting after the meeting is over.

Allowed to sit in on a closed session, this writer found frankness the password. The discussion opened with the question, "Is your unhappiness at home affecting your school work?" Many said yes, but for other than obvious reasons.

"When Dad was drinking last year," said a tall, attractive girl, "my grades went down. I think it was to get back at him for all the trouble he'd made."

A blond fellow swiveled his empty Coke bottle. "My grades went up. I guess I wanted to show my father I was better than he was—a top student while he was only a drunken bum. Now that I see what I'm doing, I'm still getting good grades, but for better reasons."

The talk went on. How much of their difficulties in school could be blamed on worry? How often was this reason an alibi for something else—say, plain old laziness? There was frankness about feelings, too. In a discussion of hatred, the chairman—a sparkle-eyed girl of 17—asked whether the group hated their alcoholic parent or only resented his drinking. It was about fifty-fifty.

"I only resent the drinking," said a young boy. "I mean, when parents are sober, they're really swell—friendly and all that." A murmur of dissent rose around the long conference table.

"Parents can be monsters even when they're not drunk," said a pretty girl with a pink velvet bow in her hair. "They're sick even when they're sober, remember."

Everyone had something to say:

"I think it's my mother I hated, because she always egged Dad on. He was always bugging him."

"I *must* have hated him. If he called me a name, I called him a worse one."

ed. *I wanted to get back at him."*

"I can't help but hate Dad when he's drinking. How else am I supposed to feel when we can hardly afford school books, and then he goes and spends five bucks on booze?" The target, however, is not their parents' problems but their own.

"Okay," says the chairman, when a girl has been griping about her mother's slovenly appearance during a drinking bout, "that's her problem. What's yours?" The girl then focuses on her reluctance to ask for help at home, and the other Alateens, who have faced the same problem, help her find a workable solution if there is one, give her a chance to vent her anger if there isn't. Respecting their parents' anonymity means withholding personal information about them, giving only their own first names for publication, and posing for photographs only if they cannot be recognized in the picture.

Most meetings, like this one, are discussions of either personal problems or topics suggested in their reading matter. An outside speaker is invited once a month. Sometimes the group holds an open meeting to which friends and families are invited.

There are many things that Alateen is not. It is not a social organization, for nothing should detract from the seriousness of its purpose. Meetings are held at other times. Alateen does not promote self-pity. It is not devoted to preventing alcoholism in youth. Nor is it affiliated with any specific religion, though church buildings are often used as meeting places.

God, however, is an integral part of Alateen. Each meeting opens with the Serenity Prayer, "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference," and closes with the Lord's Prayer. Alateens believe they must turn over their lives to God, as each individual seeks his own understanding of God.

For most Alateens, their understanding grows as they seek God's guidance. Said a Catholic girl, "I used to try everything to get my Dad to stop drinking. I even tried penance. Once I stayed up all night just beating the floor. I thought God would really be impressed and answer my prayers. But it only gave me sore feet, and I finally realized that this was Dad's problem, not mine, and until he sought help himself, there wasn't any point in my suffering." The group laughed, not in ridicule but in sympathy, and the girl laughed with them.

What do Alateens do about their parents? First, they learn all they can about alcoholism—that it is a sickness—an abnormal sensitivity to alcohol plus an emotional compulsion to drink; that to get well, the desire must come from the alcoholic himself, and pleas and scolding only make things worse. Alateens learn that although nothing they have done caused the parent to drink and nothing they can do will make him stop, they can create a more positive climate in the home. They learn to show love and encouragement to both parents, not to take sides in quarrels, to get completely out of his way if the alcoholic becomes violent.

Alateens apply the same 12 steps of recovery to themselves that Alcoholics Anonymous teaches its members. This includes admitting the need for help, strengthening their trust in God, analyzing their own shortcomings and how these may be contributing to family problems, taking direct action to make amends, and helping others with similar difficulties.

What happens to a guy or girl when a home is disrupted by alcohol? For some, the problem is abrupt. "I knew Dad drank a lot," said Susan, "but when the school counselor said my father was an alcoholic, I was shocked. Alcoholics were bums on skid row, not respectable businessmen like Dad."

For others, however, alcoholism was no stranger. Ken, whose parents began drinking when he was four, always thought things were so bad they couldn't be worse. Then he got to high school and discovered that was not true. Before, he used to spend evenings in the basement, tinkering with an electric motor, escaping the quarreling which drifted down the basement stairs. On weekends, when quarrels became fights, he went to his aunt's. But high school meant dates, friends to bring home, and Ken felt he could never belong. Because he wasn't sure who knew about his parents' problems and who didn't, he automatically assumed that everyone held it against him. If he wasn't invited to a particular event, he blamed it on his parents and withdrew even more. He wouldn't even go to parties where he was invited, and was desperately unhappy. Then one night the pastor visited the home and suggested Alateen.

It was a surprise from the start. When he blurted out a feeling, heads nodded in understanding. When he told of breaking whiskey bottles in a fit of rage, nobody was surprised. Then he admitted accus-

when things get rough at home."

parents of not loving each other because they wouldn't seek help, he discovered that almost everybody in the group had said the same thing one time or another—and he felt strangely relieved when they told him he couldn't live his parents' lives for them. Gradually, Ken was able to put into words the desires and hates that had been eating at him for years. Like Ken, Alateens constantly sort out real hurts from imaginary ones, real hindrances from alibis, shortcomings of their parents from their own.

"What do you want me to tell other teenagers about Alateen?" this member asked at the close of the meeting.

"How grateful we are to have it," said one girl. "I don't know what other kids do who have to face this problem alone. If I didn't have my friend Phil and Ed and some of the other members to call when things got rough at home, no telling what I might do. Leave, I suppose. I'd be get married. But here I've learned that it's one thing not to let your parents' difficulties interfere with plans for your own life, and another thing to jump into something just to get away."

"There are other problems that cause suffering, too," said a husky member of 16. "I mean, think of kids who have a parent who's mentally ill or addicted to dope or gambling. Why don't they start an organization for themselves?"

"Tell them that Alateens are just like everybody else," said the chairman thoughtfully. "We're not destined to become alcoholics just because our parents are."

And though she was right, Alateens *are* different. Having faced a serious problem much earlier than most young people—having analyzed their own personalities—they have achieved considerable insight, and have laid the foundation for a happier, more productive life.

—PHYLLIS REYNOLDS NAYLOR

If there is an alcohol problem in your family you may obtain the address of the nearest Alateen group by writing to The Al-Anon Family Group Headquarters, P. O. Box 182, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.



CREATIVE ARTS

MAGAZINE

Calling all Teens... Calling

The 1963 August issue of YOUTH magazine which featured last year's winners in Creative Arts Award competition is still in demand. Nevertheless, we are already laying our plans for the 1964 competition and our hopes are high that the excellent quality of past winners may not only be equalled, but surpassed by this year's entrants. But this depends on you. So. . . .

What's your favorite way of telling people what you're thinking? Is it writing, sketching, photographing, carving, or simply griping? We are inviting you to express your ideas through one of the creative arts, and we are eagerly awaiting your response.

To enter YOUTH magazine's 1964 Creative Arts Award competition, you must be younger than 20 years of age. You need not be a member of the United Church of Christ. If you entered the competition last year, you are also eligible to enter again this year. The piece of creative art which you submit must be your own original work. To each contribution, you must attach the title of the work, your name, your age, your home street address, city and state. All contributions must be in our hands *by no later than May 15, 1964*. Twenty-five dollars will be sent to each young person whose piece of creative art is reproduced in YOUTH magazine.



artists, writers and shutterbugs!

CREATIVE WRITING: We welcome any type of creative writing you wish to submit—fiction, essay, editorial, poetry, humor, satire, true-life story, or whatever *you* feel like writing.

ART WORK: You may submit any type of art work that can be reproduced in *YOUTH* magazine. This includes gag or editorial cartoons, story illustrations, graphic designs, abstract art, fancy doodling—any expression of your own ideas or feelings. Due to mailing limitations, the size of the art work should not be larger than 12" x 15".

PHOTOS: Send us a black and white print of the photo you wish to submit. There are no limitations on subject matter. The print should be larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5" in size. Each person may submit one or more photos, but no more than five photos. Write your name and address to the back of each photo.

SCULPTURE: If you've done a sculpture, mobile, paper folding or anything which you'd like to submit, send us one snapshot, or a group of snapshots, which best present all the dimensions of your work.

Send your original piece of creative expression to CREATIVE ARTS BOARD, *YOUTH* magazine, Room 800, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. After the judging is completed, all entries will be returned.

● in the ROUND

DANCES

Sounds of



The Civil War Bands

Gettysburg—July 2, 1863. Perched on the branch of a tree overlooking the battlefield, Lt. Col. Arthur J. L. Fremantle, the British military correspondent traveling with Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, observed puffs of smoke rising from the Union positions, each puff followed seconds later by the report of a cannon reverberating across the rolling Pennsylvania countryside. Colonel Fremantle could feel the tree quivering under the impact of the shells exploding nearby. Suddenly a strange thing happened: "When the cannonade was at its height," Fremantle wrote, "a Confederate band of music, between the cemetery and ourselves, began to play polkas and waltzes, which sounded very curious, accompanied by the hissing and bursting of the shells."

A year later, Fremantle included this entry in a book about his "Three Months in the Southern States." Nearly a century later, while on a visit to Gettysburg, Frederick Fennell came across these same details in a standard battlefield guide book. Fennell, a lifelong Civil War buff and orchestral and band conductor, was in bed at the time, trying to get himself to sleep. But having read this description of the second battle of Gettysburg, he was instantly wide awake, his mind racing at the speed of a projectile. What band was playing these tunes? What were the titles of the gay dances the bandmaster chose to accompany the sounds of battle? And why were these musicians playing anyway? Fennell got out of bed, dressed, and went directly to the spot in the Confederate lines to which Fremantle referred. He climbed atop the barrel of a Napoleon bronze cannon and sat looking over the historic battlefield, conjuring up the bizarre incident of that fateful July afternoon.

Fennell conceived a bold and original plan on that moonlit night in Gettysburg. Until World War I, the Civil War had been the most thoroughly documented war in history. Through the thousands of books published since the outbreak of the fratricidal conflict, we have come to relive these historic years, to witness the bombardment of Fort Sumter, to accompany the battered and bloody troops of Lee's army retreating across the swollen Potomac after the titanic Battle of Gettysburg, to piece together the last hours of Lincoln's life as Booth's mad plot led to its tragic end in a box at Ford's Theatre. Through the drawings of artists like Winslow Homer, and the photographs of Matthew Brady,



. . . Civil War Bands

we have seen the face of war, peered into Lincoln's sad eyes, witnessed the awesome aftermath of great battles.

But there was one aspect of the Civil War historians had been unable to recreate—the actual sounds of the music of the period played on authentic wartime band instruments. Of course, everyone has heard bands play *Dixie*, *Battle Hymn of the Republic* and *Marching Through Georgia*. But we know them only as performed on modern brass instruments and in up-to-date arrangements, all of which hardly reflects the rugged and naive quality of the original music.

Fennell set for himself the task of locating the actual instruments played by Civil War bandsmen, as well as the band parts written especially for them. Once having found them, the energetic conductor planned to restore these century-old brass instruments, organize a replication of a pair of Civil War regimental bands, one Union and the other Confederate, and, finally, capture the sounds on magnetic tape.

Tracking down the identity of the Confederate band that had played at Gettysburg was a fascinating piece of detective work. Fennell spent months hunting through books, periodicals, battle accounts, and regimental records of the Confederacy. His search led him to the Regimental Band of the 26th North Carolina, originally a brass band from the Moravian settlement at Salem, North Carolina. From the archives of the Moravian Music Foundation, Fennell saw the actual books in manuscript form from which the musicians had played. Interestingly, the band was made up entirely of brass instruments, and had no drums.

For the Union band, Fennell discovered in the Library of Congress the band books of the Third New Hampshire Regiment, which spent most of the war in the Fort Royal sector of South Carolina.

With the original band books in hand (part of one had a hole torn into it by a Minie ball, the musket ball used by both sides during the Civil War), Fennell now began to ferret out the actual instruments in museums and private instrument collections throughout the country.

They were odd-looking objects. In those days, military instruments were manufactured with over-the-shoulder bells, a practical design because it blew the strains of the marches directly at the troops following the band. Next came the job of restoring these antique instruments, a vast and delicate project involving chemicals, tools of all kinds, yards of adhesive tape, and patience. At last, the Eastman Wind Ensemble

of the country's finest brass-wind-percussion ensembles, took up these eerie relics of the past and began to bring them back to life. The players of the Eastman Wind Ensemble faced a difficult, mouth-battering challenge. Built to a higher pitch standard than instruments today, these over-the-shoulder horns were almost impossible to play in tune. Besides, old age had taken its toll. But it was worth the effort; the sounds that emerged from these "stove-pipes" resembled nothing we hear nowadays. Darker, more sonorous, less brilliant than our modern horns, they have the authentic ring of history. With a kind of primitive honesty, they sound the marching tunes of the Civil War in a way that is strangely moving.

The first rehearsal of the "re-activated" Civil War band had its amusing moments. "When the player of a brass instrument blows into his horn," Fennell explained, "the condensation of moisture in his breath deposits water inside the tubing, thus obstructing the air column and adversely affecting the tone. Instruments have long been equipped with convenient water keys that permit the quick discharge of this water. Over-the-shoulder horns had no such keys. At frequent intervals in playing, somebody would hail me and shout, "Water!" We paused while I would pull the three tuning slides, dump them, blow the instruments free of water, and return the slides to their carefully calculated tuning positions."

Among the 35 Union and Confederate titles recorded by Fennell and the Eastman Wind Ensemble are such familiar tunes as *Dixie*, *Listen to the Mocking Bird* (in a hilariously elaborate arrangement), *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, *Gary Owen* and *Hail to the Chief*, as well as many long-forgotten marches, gallops, waltzes and hymns of the period. For many listeners, one of the highlights of this recording (**The Civil War, Volumes I and II, Mercury**) is a version of the *Star-Spangled Banner*. The Civil War bandmaster who arranged the venerable tune decided to have fun with it, and added a little cornet cadenza before "For the land of the free . . ." This must be heard to be believed. By getting a feel for the actual musical sounds that entertained and inspired the soldiers of the Civil War days, we are helped to have a better understanding of the mood and men of that day. Fennell's re-creation of the sounds of Civil War bands represent a major contribution to a fuller understanding of that musical past.

—HAROLD LAWRENCE

WHEN
YOU'RE
ALONE . . .



Life is so confused
and rushed. If we
could only slow
down. To be alone.
Just to think. Even
meditate. Each of
us needs time to
think out his
thoughts by himself
and for himself. In
moments of silence
we seem to be
closest to something
real—perhaps it's
God. Maybe it's
not. Being alone
can be fearful, too.
We are embarrassed
to sit in silence.
What do we do?
What do we say?
Does it really do
any good?

BEING alone to think through your own thoughts can be helpful to you. Don't dwell moodily on your own weaknesses, but seek to understand why you do certain things, and why others do what they do. See the bigger picture and how you fit in. Involve God in your thinking. What does Christ tell us about life? About God? About you and your purpose? Make this thinking period a daily discipline. If you honestly see the value of it, in a matter of months it will become a habit, despite occasional lapses.

Find a guide to stimulate your daily thought. A recommended devotional guide for teens is *Power*, published jointly by five major Protestant denominations, including the United Church of Christ. (Published quarterly, *Power* may be ordered from the Division of Publication, United Church of Christ, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia 2, Pa., or 14 Beacon St., Boston 8, Mass.)

Read the meditation for the day, as well as the scripture, until you understand what the author is trying to say. Do you agree with the author? Does what he says remind you of your own problems and thoughts? And what does your knowledge of God say here? All this thinking usually results in prayer, but not always. ▼▼▼



"Did you learn to twist in the bathroom with a big bath towel?" My questioner was a pretty dark-haired girl with flashing brown eyes. She was timid about asking me, because she was a Hungarian teenager and was a strange American visiting Budapest to make a television film.

I went to Hungary last October with a CBS-TV crew to make a film on the 400th anniversary of the Heidelberg Catechism, a document long cherished by the Reformed churches. (The finished film was shown on Reformation Sunday, October 27, on the CBS network television series "Lamp Unto My Feet.") Since the Reformed Church of Hungary is the only denomination in the world which has used the catechism continuously, we wanted to talk with church officials in Budapest and then travel on to Debrecen, a frontier town just 30 miles from the Russian border and which is the home of the bishop of the Reformed Church, Dr. Tibor Bartha.

In the four days that I spent in each of the two cities, I talked with many students. What I particularly noticed about Hungary's teenagers



*When we filmed
a television show
in Hungary, teens
quizzed me about
the Twist and God*

their tremendous curiosity about the United States. Their social school activities and religious training reflects Western traditions though they have few contacts with the West.

I came out of my hotel the first morning in Budapest to find an enormous crowd of teenagers swarming all over a 1962 Chevy II convertible. Though a translator one of them asked me if all American students had their cars.

Later that day I met a group of seminary students who insisted on taking me to their favorite hangout, which was a coffeehouse. Everyone went to one of these places after school or work to sip espresso coffee and nibble delicious pastries. Some shops are huge, others tiny, but all dimly lit and give off a feeling of intimacy. Hungary is one of the few countries where there is no Coca-Cola.

My student friends were full of the usual questions of Americans abroad. What was happening in Alabama? What's it like to live in New York City? Did I have any American money they could see (they

The church loses more youth to cars, mo

all wanted some)? Did American students believe in God? Only one boy spoke English so everything had to be channeled and translated through him.

That evening I was invited by one of the students to visit his family. His father was a professor. Both his teen-aged sisters worked all day and attended school at night. One of the sisters asked me about the Twist, but like most of her contemporaries, she was very shy in trying out her English. By translation through her brother I admitted that I had learned the dance with the help of a bath towel, and then she told me that the Twist was out and the Bossa Nova in.

Since it was Saturday night, my Hungarian friend suggested I go alone with him to a dance held in a nearby hotel. I discovered during the trip that hotels and coffeehouses are about the only centers of social life. The dance was held in an enormous, but rather drab, ballroom. The dance looked like a record-hop in the local high school gym except that the dance area was packed with couples swaying back and forth to the rhythms of an eight-piece band playing tired old American fox trot tunes. U. S. audiences would have been bored stiff with the tempo and I wanted to ask the band to try a little faster music. But I didn't because I wasn't aware of the reaction of local authorities or local customs to such a brash suggestion.

When each musical selection was over, the boys all drifted to one side of the room and the girls to the other. There were few couples. I was a little hesitant about dancing, not knowing how to ask a girl in Magyar. Word must have circulated, though, that an American was present because I had no trouble in finding all the partners I wanted. All were cordial but reserved.

As in America, teenagers seem to be the most exuberant. Adults still remember the tragic events of the 1956 revolution which the Russians halted with tanks and troops. Its pall still hangs over them. Not so the teenagers. While I never heard any gay laughter in the streets from groups of older people, their children are always laughing and giggling and good naturedly shoving each other around in foolish horseplay. I saw a Danny Kaye movie one night and it was the young crowd which burst out of the theatre shouting and laughing.

We went to Debrecen Sunday morning and there I talked with many teachers, students and ministers. Christianity and communism live side

coffeehouses than to communist propaganda

side in Hungary. But since the Communists do not believe in God, they try at every opportunity to discourage religion among students. When young people decide to study for the ministry, they become the object of ridicule and scorn by their teachers and classmates. Local officials visit parents warning them that ministerial students are undesirable, similar to an American student announcing he wanted to be a hippie. The two government-sponsored youth organizations, the Pioneers and the Young Communist League, deliberately schedule their activities to coincide with church services and other religious activities. In spite of all this discouragement, students flock to the churches. I filmed a Sunday evening catechism service in which the minister inducted the congregation from the Heidelberg Catechism. One entire section of the sanctuary was filled with teenagers. Afterwards, an assistant minister told me he loses more youth to cars, movies and coffeehouses than to communist propaganda.

Monday morning we visited the church-sponsored high school, or "gymnasium" as they call it. It is the only high school the Reformed Church has left and enrolls about 300 boys and girls. Hungarian schools start at eight o'clock and run to three. They learn the same things we except that everyone must take two foreign languages. German and English are the most popular. No one likes Russian. After school there are organized sports—basketball is a great favorite—and lots of homework at night. Most students manage to squeeze in a few hours a day of part-time work because their families need the money. The state won't allow them to go to the movies during the week and few can afford television.

We took our cameras into a class studying the Heidelberg Catechism, and I was most impressed with their attentiveness. They were immensely anxious about what was going on. The film crew made so much noise and created such confusion that an orderly class was impossible. I was also amazed at how thoroughly everyone knew his lesson. The Heidelberg Catechism consists of 129 questions and answers about Reformed Christianity. These students were all able to talk about each question in great detail, exhibiting a tremendous amount of knowledge of the Bible and theology. Not many of us could get up and talk for five minutes about "Who is thy only comforter and redeemer in life?"

—WILLIAM C. WINSLOW



INVEST

"I simply argue that the Cross be raised again at the center of the market place as well as on the steeple of the church. I am recovering the claim that Jesus was not crucified in a cathedral between two candles, but on a cross between two thieves; on the town garbage heap; at a crossroad so cosmopolitan that they had to write his title in Hebrew and in Latin and in Greek . . .; at the kind of place where cynics talk smut, and thieves curse, and soldiers gamble. Because that is where He died. And that is what He died about. And that is where churchmen should be and what churchmen should be about."

—George Macleod

OUR SUMMER

didn't lose a summer," said one girl, "I gained a future." During the school year most of your time is not yours to plan. But when June comes, you have a chance to choose how you would use the time available to you. It's your time to make money, to decide on a career, to know yourself, to serve others, or to have fun. How you use the summer months says much about who you are, what comes first in your life, and what tomorrow holds for you.

It's a time to think, to do some serious reading, to chat with friends—new and old—about the future.

It's a time to explore the working world, to earn money for college, to test a selected field of work.

It's a time to have fun, to relax, to get to know your parents in the hectic atmosphere of a well-planned vacation trip together.

It's a time for self-improvement—to brush up on weak subjects, to lose weight by dieting and exercise, to stop annoying habits, to make a new effort at good grooming. It's a time to learn new skills—to swim, to dance, to drive, to type, to do repair work around the house, or to sew, and can.

It's a time to help others. During the school year, you've seen people in need of help, but you didn't have time then. As a Christian, your life is not complete without love and service being expressed in what you do. Where you see a need for help, you respond thoughtfully and sensitively. And you do not have to go far to express your concern for others, for you'll only look around you. Perhaps in your own home you're needed, or in your community. Many opportunities for summer service are available to you (see page 30 and 31).

But it is also part of effective personal stewardship to prepare our minds and bodies for effective work and witness for the years ahead.

The summer is yours. Plan *now* to use it well.

work camps for church teens

If you're looking for hard physical work with no pay at a place away from home, for fun with teens your own age and similar interests, and for doing service that is needed—work camps are for you. The United Church of Christ is sponsoring six such work camps this summer for senior highs at least 15 years of age and through tenth grade.

The places, dates, and types of work are as follows: *Bricks, N. C.*, June 17-July 1, simple carpentry work, painting and repair at interracial centers in a poor farming area; *Princeton, Ill.*, July 5-Aug. 1, building semi-permanent tent-camping areas; *Arickara and Twin Buttes, N. D.*, July 8-Aug. 5, renovation of church buildings on Indian reservation; *Lilbourn, Mo.*, July 8-Aug. 5, painting and renovating low income homes; *Woodbury, Vt.*, July 10-Aug. 15, work on camp ground development at camp for emotionally-disturbed children; *Meredith, N. H.*, July 21-Aug. 18, conservation work at two camps on Lake Winnesquam.

For more detailed information, write to: Specialized Ministries, Division of Christian Education, United Church Board for Homeland Ministries, Pottstown, R.D. 2, Pa.

caravans for travel, service

Ten teams of four teens each will travel to ten areas of the country this summer serving a week each in five different communities, giving particular attention to the youth ministry. Service camp programs is sometimes included. The shape of the team's task in any situation is determined by the needs and interests of the people in each church or camp visited. An unwritten motto of caravaning is "Be prepared for the unexpected!"

If you've had some good experiences in your youth program, if you enjoy people and want to serve others, you can take long hours, hot weather, and hard travel—caravaning is for you. You must be 17 (as of July 1, 1964) and through the junior year of high school.

The eight-day training period begins on June 17, followed by five weeks on the road, with a roundup at the end in early August. The cost is ten dollars registration fee, plus your own travel and from the Voluntary Service Training Center, Pottstown, Pa., where both training and roundup will be held.

For additional information write: National Youth Caravans, Room 807, 1505 Rittenhouse St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

at a summer at home

There are many jobs in
communities that won't
be done this summer be-
cause volunteers are not
available, either part-time or
full-time. If you can type,
play games, teach swimming,
coach baseball, instruct in
arts, wait on tables, change
dinner pans, stuff envelopes,
drive a car, run a mimeo-
graph, take photos, baby-sit,
make filing cards, cut and
paste and organize clippings,
nail, hammer, mow lawns,
garden, etc.—then there may
be a place for your services
in your own home town.
Whether as an individual or as a
group, consult your local
service agencies, settlement
houses, park recreational pro-
grams, churches, Y M C A,
clubs, chamber of com-
merce, fraternal, charitable
and veterans' organizations,
as well as city, state, and
federal agencies using volun-
teers. Some agencies have
already had summer volunteers
available to them; so you
won't have to sell them on
your abilities and intentions.
And it is also possible
that the headquarters office
of your own State Conference
(United Church of Christ)
will have information on
service projects, work camps,
youth conferences in your
area needing your services or
corresponding to your interests.

three guides to useful vacations

Invest Your Summer. This
is a complete listing of sum-
mer service opportunities in
this country and abroad for
people between the ages of
15 and 30. Programs spon-
sored by churches and agen-
cies are explained and ad-
dresses given. This booklet
is essential if you want to
find out how to have a
"service summer." Write to:
Invest Your Summer, Com-
mission on Youth Service
Projects, 475 Riverside Drive,
New York 27, N. Y., and
send 25c for each copy.

**Barron's Teen-age Summer
Guide.** This guide is prob-
ably the most complete and
up-to-date listing of all the
varieties of summer work
available to teens. Its con-
tents include travel oppor-
tunities, U. S. and foreign
camp work, study in various
subjects, farm work, and spe-
cific opportunities in each
state. For an over-all look
into summer opportunities
this guide would be an es-
sential resource. Available at
book stores for \$1.50.

**World-Wide Summer Place-
ment Directory.** Lists vacan-
cies in states and in foreign
countries. The types of work
in this book are mainly in
summer camps, hotels, work
shops, and some industrial
plants and hospitals. Avail-
able at book stores for \$4.00.

ON SPORTSMANSHIP

Our Father,
we thank you for the joy
of a game well played.

We are grateful
for the exercise
 that strengthens our bodies,
for the rules
 that discipline our minds,
for the practice
 that sharpens our skills,
for the competition
 that enriches our friendships,
and for the victory
 that reveals us as we really are.

Help us to grow in stature,
mind, skill, and companionship,
so that whether we win or lose,
we are victors in your sight,
our Father.

These things we share in the name
of your Son, Jesus Christ.

Amen.

